

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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T. R. WALTON, . . . Business Manager

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How a Newspaper Ruined a Restaurant.

The proprietor of a restaurant advertised in an Arkansas newspaper, and refused to pay the bill at the end of the month, declaring that he had not realized any benefit and that he would not pay for what he did not receive. The newspaper man remonstrated, and the restaurant man ordered him out of the house. The next issue of the paper contained a few paragraphs which did not prove uninteresting to the restaurant man.

"The world has ever been filled with spiteful rivalry. The man who started the report that he found cat hair in the hash at Meckleton's restaurant is unquestionably a slanderer. We have eaten at his restaurant, and we can truthfully say that we never found cat hair in the hash nor dog hair in the soup. Another man, regardless of truth, declared on the street yesterday that he had found three crickets and a horse fly in one of Meckleton's biscuits. This is too ridiculous. We never found three in his biscuit."

Another paragraph said "Meckleton's restaurant is the best house in town. Don't believe the slanderous rumor that he uses hospital sheets for table cloths."

The restaurant man was so mad that he wanted to shoot the editor, but cooling down a little, he swore out a warrant for arrest on a charge of slander. The editor was arraigned before the court, but the judge after hearing the evidence and reading the paper, dismissed the case. The restaurant man had but one customer since and he was a blind man. Learning that he was in Meckleton's house, he heaved and went out. It is not right to cheat a newspaper. —[Arkansas Traveler.]

The Gatling machine gun is a block of ten barrels, secured round an axis, which is fixed in a frame. On turning a handle, a spindle causes the worm to act on the pinion, making the axis and barrels revolve. A drum is placed on the top, at the breech end of the barrels, over a hopper, through a slot in which the cartridges drop into the carrier, which consists of ten grooves or chambers corresponding to the ten barrels. A spiral spring forces the cartridges into position in chambers radiating from the center of the drum. By turning the handle quickly, a continuous stream of bullets is ejected—about 1,000 a minute. As soon as one drum is emptied of bullets, another is brought from the lumber and substituted. This gun is the invention of Dr. Gatling, an American, and has been in use about ten years.

How Western Cities Grow.—A Western man has been telling some Philadelphians how Western cities grow. He says he went off into the mountains hunting, and, night coming on, he went to sleep in a tree to be out of reach of the wolves. He was awakened early next morning by some workmen, who told him to get down and finish his nap on the court-house steps, as they wanted to turn that tree into a flag pole for the hotel across the way. He got down and while rubbing his eyes was nearly run over by a street car and got his feet tangled in electric light wires.

During a political campaign in Michigan a well-known lawyer was addressing an audience composed principally of farmers in Gratiot county. In order to win their confidence he said: "My friends, my sympathies have always been with the tillers of the soil. My father was a practical farmer, and as was my grandfather before him. I was myself reared on a farm, and was, so to speak, born between two stalks of corn." Here the speaker was rudely interrupted by some one in the audience, who exclaimed: "A pumpkin, by jingo!"

THE SIAMSE TWINS.—Chang and Eng, meaning right and left, lived to be 63 years of age. Chang was temperate and irritable. The other was sober and steady. In 1870 Chang had a paralytic shock in the night and died while his brother slept. When he awoke the calamity produced intense nervousness and Eng died in a few hours after the death of his brother. The post-mortem examination showed that their separation during life would probably have been fatal.

A Curious Tree.

Lieutenant Houghton, who has recently visited New Guinea and several other groups of Islands in the Pacific, reports the existence of a prehensile tree. It appears to be a species of figs, allied to the well-known banyan-tree, which throws out from its branches air roots, that eventually reach the ground, and take root there, and in their turn become new stems, which perform the same function; so that a single tree will eventually extend so far as to form a complete forest, in which the stems are united by the branches to each other. The prehensile tree in question similarly throws out from its branches long, flexible tendrils, which touching the ground, do not take root there, but twine around any article that may lie within their reach. After a time these quasi branches contract, so that they fail to reach the ground; but the finger-like processes continue to closely gripe the article round which they have twined themselves, and which are consequently suspended in mid-air. In this way, articles of considerable weight may be literally picked up from the ground and held in suspension.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS EXAMPLE.—A story is told of Randolph, of Roanoke, that wonderful child of genius, which is so replete with piquancy as to induce me to believe in its truth. A bitter personal enemy of the great Virginian became a candidate of the party to which the latter belonged. He stood, as was the custom of the olden times, on that side of the court-house which was taken up by his party friends, greeting with friendly recognition those who cast their votes for him. When Randolph walked up to the polls and in a firm voice voted for his enemy, the latter advanced, with extended hand, to greet him. "I thank you, sir, I thank you, sir," he said, with some nervousness. Randolph put his hand very coolly behind him, speaking forth at the same time, "I didn't vote for you, sir; I voted for the democratic party." —[Richmond Dispatch.]

VEGETABLE BUTTER.—N. Jepson, an English vegetarian, not wishing to use poor and adulterated animal fats, has sought a substitute, and found it in a composition for which the following is the formula: Take four ounces of the finest Brazilian nuts, pounded very fine in a mortar; four ounces pure olive oil; rub them into a smooth jelly; add eight ounces of fine wheat flour and a quarter of an ounce of salt. Rub the whole into a smooth paste, and use as butter. This would certainly be preferable to much that goes by the name of butter.

THE CASH SYSTEM.—One year has elapsed since we adopted the cash plan and there is not a dead head on our list. We have discontinued all papers when the subscriptions expired and we know of but one man who has taken offense. Most people like a paper that can be stopped without killing the editor or burning the office. Our subscription receipts have been increased 20 per cent. over any previous year, although the price was 25 per cent. less than heretofore. We will stick to the cash plan. Solah.—[South Kentuckian.]

A certain judge having asked a convicted prisoner if he had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon him, the prisoner called to God to witness that he was innocent: "May God strike me dead, my lord, if I did it!" The judge waited for a moment, and then said: "As Providence has not seen fit to interpose in your case, it now becomes my duty to proceed to sentence you to be hung by the neck until you are dead."

There can be found no higher virtue than the love of truth. The man who deceives others must himself become the victim of morbid distrust. Knowing the deceit of his own heart and the falsehood of his own tongue, his eyes must be always filled with suspicion, and he must lose the greatest of all happiness—confidence in those who surround him.

A Cincinnati woman got up early to see the comet, and fell and broke her neck. Since then a number of Louisville men have tried to induce their wives to study astronomy early in the morning, but without success. They couldn't come over the old girls that way. —[Argus.]

A Charleston man is trying to secure the name and date of every person who has been hung in the United States. A Chairman of vigilance committee will please send in such information as is at his command.

Memorial Day.

BY FATHER RYAN.
(Father the sacred dust
Of the warrior tried and true;
Who wore the flag of our nation's trust
And fell in the cause, though lost, still just,
And died for us and you,
Father then, each and all,
From the pilgrim to the chief,
Come they from the loved or the princely hall,
They tell for us, and for them should fall
The tears of a nation's grief.

(Father the corpse shrouded
O'er many a battle-plain,
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Father the Southern slain,
We care not whom they cause,
Dear in their bloodless clay;
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their country and their cause the same—
They died—and were the grave.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Laying, they struggled side by side;
Why should the hand of death divide
A single heart from death?

(Father the sacred clay,
Whom it may rest,
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle day,
Bury them nearest to day.

The woman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag and with countless tread,
We must once more our deadliest dead,
Out of each lonely grave.

The woman need not fear,
They are all powerful now,
We gather them here and lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown,
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead must meet the dead
While the living are thus wept,
And the men whose lives and honor were sold,
And the hearts that once together beat,
Together shall sleep!

Is "DANN" A CISE WOMAN?—One of the questions in a suit before the District Court in Philadelphia is whether or not "dann" is a profane word. Blatant sinners will care little for the result, but the decision will be awaited with deep interest by a host of worthy men, and possibly by "devout" women not a few, who in moments of great physical and mental torture have found a grateful solace in the use of that compact and cogent expletive. The case is that of a printing establishment vs. a telephone company which removed its instrument because the latter was made the medium of profane and vulgar language; and "dann" is the test word.

HIGH TONER.—"Madam," said a man to an Arkansas lady, "I have very sad news for you. I was out West and attended your son in his last illness."

"What was the matter with him?" asked the lady.

"He died of Bright's disease."

"Well," she said, after a moment's pause, "if Charley was bent on dying, I am glad that he selected a fashionable disease. Charley always was high-toned, though."

A patent has just been taken out in Germany for an engine, the piston of which is driven backward and forward by small charges of powder supplied at each end by an automatic arrangement. The ignition is effected by the motion of the piston, which draws in a flame of gas or spirit, the access being regulated by the side valves, which also open outlets for the escape of the gases of combustion.

Tradition says that beer was first made at Pabstheim, on the Nile, 400 B. C.; but nowadays only a crude kind of barley beer is made by the natives in Egypt. There is, however, a brewery in Cairo, owned by a Geneva company, and worked on the German system, which can turn out 400 barrels a week.

Mulhall, the English statistician, makes out this country the richest on the globe. He estimates that the value of property in the United States is \$50,000,000,000. He places England next in rank, with \$44,100,000,000; and France third, with \$37,200,000,000.

Walton, of the Stanford Journal, has great backbone and energy, all of which he displays in his paper. His selections show rare good taste and there is a sprightly style about his writings that always makes them interesting. —[Elizabethtown News.]

There is considerable difference between lawyers and doctors handling a case. The more lawyers there are in a case the longer the case will last, but the more doctors there are in a case the shorter work they make of it. —[Texas Siftings.]

Here is an extract from a genuine love letter, which an exchange vouches for: "Dearest love, I have swallowed the postage stamp which was on your letter, because I knew that your lips had touched it."

A progressive Atlanta, Ga., man claims to have invented a milk pump that is kept in motion by a spring, and when he gets through milking a cow the milk has been churned into delicious butter.

Horse Trading and Theology.

A Hudson river farmer, who wanted a better horse than he possessed, drove into Yonkers one day with his nag, and hunting up a certain citizen who had the sort of horse he wanted, the farmer stated his desire to exchange, and added: "I understand you are a Christian man!" "Yes, sir," "Belong to the Baptist Church?" "Yes," "One of the deacons, I believe?" "I am." A trade was made, and the farmer drove home with the new equine. But in the course of three days he returned and began: "See here, deacon, what kind of a man are you? You never told me that that horse I got of you had spavins and ringbones and heaves!" "No, I believe I didn't." "Well, you are a pretty Christian, you are!" "My friend," placidly replied the good man, "if you can find it any where in the good book that a deacon in the Baptist church must point out the defects in his own horse where a sinner is too ignorant to see for himself, I'll admit my sin and trade back. Come in and we'll hunt for the passage!" —[Wall Street News.]

When anybody dies, gets married, builds a house, makes a big sale, breaks his leg, gets the sense kicked out of him by a mule, or does anything that is in any way remarkable, and you have reason to believe that you know as much about the occurrence as anybody else, don't wait for some other person to report it, or trust us to find it out by instinct, but come and tell us about it, or send the facts on a postal card. In this way news is supplied, and it takes a good supply of that necessary article to make a good home paper. Let us know every item of news that transpires in your neighborhood.

Two little Austin school boys got into a quarrel, and one of them said to the other:

"If it wasn't for your Ma being such a good woman, I'd tear your shirt all to pieces!"

"You tear my shirt if you dare!"

"I ain't going to tear it, because your Ma would have to mend it, and I don't want to put her to any trouble because she gave me two cakes the other day." —[Texas Siftings.]

THE ONLY CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—An excellent liniment for neuralgia is made of sassafras, oil of orange, and a half ounce of tincture of capsicum, with a half pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of red flannel in this mixture, wring it around the head, and then insert the head in a haystack till death comes to your relief. —[Laramie Boomerang.]

Spirits of turpentine is now made from sawdust and refuse of the saw mill. It is extracted by a sweating process and yields fourteen gallons of spirits, three to four gallons of rosin and a quantity of tar per cord. The spirits produced has a different odor from that produced by distillation.

A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street-car. Well! He has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is no gentleman. —[Savannah Times.]

Observations upon Russian railways have resulted in showing that for the period of six months 77 per cent of the fractures of tires occurred when the temperature was below zero, 4 per cent at zero, and only 19 per cent at higher temperatures.

A dispute among pall-bearers at a funeral in Wyoming ended in two being stabbed and three being knocked down. People who might have attended and didn't, are so disgusted with themselves they don't know what to do.

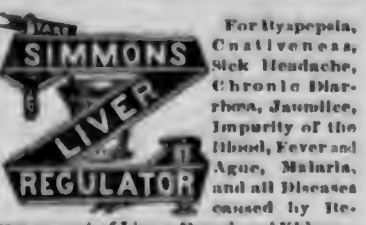
It has at length been ascertained who struck Billy Patterson. It was Jay Hubbell. Billy Patterson was a Government clerk and Jay struck him for assessment. —[Cincinnati Saturday Night.]

Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them. —[Chesterfield.]

A Vermont clergyman, unmarried, preached a sermon against the present style of corsets as unwholesome, and the next day the deacons fired him out for knowing too much.

Twice as many men were lynched last year as were hanged. Lynching is rapidly taking the place of the base-ball and other out-of-door sports.

"Do you ever go to meeting?" asked a minister of a blue-grass Kentuckian. "Certainly, sir; twice a year—Spring meeting and Fall meeting."



For Hypertrophy, Catarrh, Sick Headache, Chronic Rheumatism, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by the range of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath: Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, migration for Rheumatism, general loss of appetite; Howels generally constive, sometimes alternating with lax; the bowels are troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving nothing something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and delirium; nervous, easily startled; but easily tiring, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists, spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of these symptoms of the liver and bowels, but once have occurred, when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Headaches, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard or indigestible, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.
And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after-effects.

A Governor's Testimony.
Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHIMMONS, Governor of Ala.
Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only thing that never fails to Relieve," I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation, but never have found anything to benefit me so much as Simmons' Liver Regulator has. I send from Birmingham to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always bears the red Z Trade-Mark of J. H. ZEMLIN & CO. BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S. DENTIST.
Office will be in Stanford one week each month, from first Monday to first of next month in St. Asaph Hotel, over McAlister & Bright's. (See sign.) At Lancaster three weeks of each month from third Monday, until room in Mason House. (See sign.) Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary. 422-11

Afflicted, Attention
DR. GANN'S REMEDIES!
FOR THE MILLION.

MANUFACTURED BY W. K. GANN, M. D., MONTICELLO, KY.

The world is filled with the wonderful, beautiful and intricate inventions of man, yet all the counsel, talent and genius that the world has ever known has never produced anything that can compare with Dr. Gann's Remedies. Medical skill and science have, as yet, failed to discover any thing equal to them, for the cure of the diseases with which they are troubled. As their virtues and uses are proved by thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land, and as standard Family Medicines, they cannot be ascertained, and are fully substantiated by the strongest testimonials.

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Use Dr. Gann's Cough Syrup.

For Liver Complaint, Hypertrophy, Indigestion, Jaundice, Constipation, Sour Stomach and all Bilious Diseases.

Use Dr. Gann's Liver Cure.

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Headache and Swellings—an external application for man or beast.

Use Dr. Gann's Liniment.

For Piles, Hemorrhoids, Burns, Fists and all similar diseases.

Use Dr. Gann's Pile Ointment.

For Fresh Cuts, Burns, Ulcers and Old Sores.

Use Dr. Gann's Bitter-Sweet Ointment.

Use Dr. Gann's Stomach Bitters.

A Reliable Tonic, Appetizer and Blood Purifier, and also cures Hypertrophy and Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Malaria, Fever and all febrile diseases. Manufactured and sold by

W. K. GANN, M. D., Sole Proprietor, Monticello, Ky. 50¢ All orders by mail will receive prompt attention. 50-11

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FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

—WILL SELL—

WALL PAPER!

AT COST. CALL AND SEE AND BE CONVINCED.

H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Stanford, Kentucky,

—Wishes to Inform his Patrons of Stanford and vicinity that he has received—

A Splendid Stock of Fall and Winter Goods,

Which he guarantees to make up in first-class style. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no sale. Cutting and Repairing neatly and promptly done.

PENNY & McALISTER, JEWELERS.

The LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice, and Warranted.

M'Alister & Bright

GROCERS,

St. Asaph Block, Stanford.

OUR STOCK IS ALWAYS COMPLETE.

It embraces Staple and Fancy Groceries, Patent and Family Flour, Meal, Bacon and Lard, Tobacco and Cigars, Wood-

en, Willow and Pinware, Glass and Queensware, Canned Goods of all kinds a specialty. Remember the place, "The Corner Store."

PENNY & McALISTER PHARMACISTS,

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY & FANCY ARTICLES.

Physicians' Prescriptions accurately compounded. Pharmaceutical Preparations a specialty.

To save grain in corn land or any ordinary land no preparation is needed where this implement is used; simply drive into the field and get work ready.

THE ALBION

HARROW, CULTIVATOR & SEEDER.

Three First-Class Implements Combined in One.

Making the best and cheapest implement ever produced. An implement that is indispensable in every crop cultivated.

For less money than required to obtain a grain drill, which can only be utilized in one crop, this implement can be had, which will put in all kinds of small grain in the very best manner in less time and with less labor than the best grain drill made.

Position of Teeth and Lever while at work.

Then by detaching the Seeder you have the best Harrow in the world, one that will do more work in once going over the ground than an ordinary harrow will in a dozen, besides doing the work faster and with more ease.

Position of Teeth and Lever while at work.

After planting your crop, by reversing three teeth you can thoroughly pulverize the soil, cultivate and destroy the weeds in two rows of corn at a time, a thing that no other cultivator will do. As first stated, here is an implement that can be used in every crop cultivated and one that is needed in none by any other implement, durable and simple. Farmers, come and see it, get a sample and try it. If it does not do what we claim for it, we do not want your money.

GEO. D. WEAREN, Agent, Stanford, Ky.

W. T. WITHERS, Agt., Lancaster, Ky. GREEN & WILLIAMS, Agts., Hustonville, Ky.

Hon. T. B. Montgomery's Testimonial.—I have cultivated my crop of corn this season with the Albion Combined Cultivator, Harrow and Seeder and can say without hesitation that it is the best harrow or cultivator I have ever seen. Can give ten acres of corn in a day with ease. It does its work perfectly, and I can cheerfully recommend it to my farmer friends. Thus B. Montgomery

To sow grain with this Seeder no extra hand is required to clean it from stalks as this is all done by the driver without stopping or getting off his seat.

DORA'S IGNORANCE.

It was a lovely June morning in the country; the air redolent with the scent of myriads of blossoms and musical with the songs of many wild birds, when Dora Glade stepped over the threshold of her rustic school-house to encounter a surprise not altogether pleasant.

Since the 1st of May Miss Glade had been teaching this school of, perhaps, two dozen pupils, whose ages ranged all the way from 5 to 14 years.

On this particular morning, however, there sat within the school-room, patiently waiting for the arrival of the teacher, a tall, well-built young man who was certainly several years her senior, and whose appearance indicated that he had come to stay.

The teacher herself was just 19, slender and graceful as a willow, with a charming admixture of womanly dignity and girlish shyness in her manner. She did not always know exactly what to do even with some of the rough youngsters already in her charge, and now her fair face darkened with a look of undisguised dismay, as she stopped short in the doorway, regarding this new specimen with a private conviction in her soul that she should never prove equal to the task of managing him.

She looked upon his intrusion into her little fold much as some peaceful shepherd might at the sudden appearance of a mountain lion among his innocent flock. Mastering her chagrin as best she could, Dora called her school together, and soon after approached her unwelcome visitor with a very evident air of embarrassment.

"Do—do you intend to remain in the school, sir?"

For the life of her she didn't know how she ought to address him.

"Yes," answered the new-comer, with a meekness which, contrasted with his fine, powerful physique, made her strongly inclined to laugh in his face.

"I call late to come afterwards. Can't come much earlier, 'cause I have to help Uncle Jake with the crops."

"Oh," said Dora, gently suppressing a smile, "your name, please?"

"Larry Farnsworth. Squire Jake Farnsworth, your yonder," with an awkward nod of his handsome head in the direction of the squire's mansion, "where I'm a stayin', is my uncle."

"Yes," said Miss Glade, with polite interest. "And now please tell me what you wish to study, Mr. Farnsworth."

"S'pose you call me Larry, Miss," said this great, blue-looking fellow, with the bashfulness of a child; "I ain't much used to bein' mistered, an' anyhow I reckon I'm one of yer scholars, jist like the rest."

"Certainly," said Dora, somewhat relieved, and determined to put a bold face upon the matter at once. "And now, Larry," with a rosy blush, in spite of herself, "let us proceed to select your studies."

But the verdant young gentleman soon disclosed the fact that what he did know of books might be comprised within a very small space, indeed, while a modest list of what he didn't know would form a record as voluminous as the Whitaker testimony.

Days passed on, and Miss Glade found them passing very pleasantly. Her new pupil, although extremely ignorant, evidently did his best to improve, and was otherwise a perfect model of good behavior. The younger boys, also, gave a great deal less trouble than at first. Whether he issued private orders to them outside, or whether it was a threatening glance from those commanding bright-gray eyes whenever an impatient rebellion arose against the teacher, certain it was that the troublesome urchin behaved much better than before the advent of the "big scholar."

As for Miss Glade's opinion of our hero at the end of a month perhaps we could not ascertain it more easily than by glancing at this portion of a letter written by her to her bosom friend in the city:

"You have not forgotten my ignorance, of whom I wrote you, Kittie? Well, we still have the honor of his attendance at the school, and I will frankly admit that I should hardly know, now, how to keep the same school without him. How or why he does it I do not pretend to know, but he seems to have those old-time 'intractables' under such a spell that I do not believe one of them would dare disobey me, if he felt so inclined."

"One other fact is unquestionable to my mind. Were he only blessed with the cultivation and gentlemanly social polish which Mr. Arthur Hughes possesses, Larry Farnsworth would be my very best ideal of a man. Often, as he sits poring hopefully over the multi-voiced tale, in his homely, unadorned, but so full of life and interest, I catch myself watching the splendid figure, the clear-cut, intellectual face, with its broad, sweeping brow and fascinating gray eyes, almost expecting to hear their owner charm my senses with the eloquence of a Cicero, or thrill my soul with poetic disquisitions on the wonders and beauties of the old masters. He looks as though nature had formed him for a leading spirit among the choicest favorites of literature and art. Alas, these handsome lips seem the very home of poetry and eloquence; but the moment he opens them to speak—ah, alas! how my fairy castle crumbles to the ground! He is an ignorant, Kittie—a hopeless ignorant—calling me to his side twenty times a day to unravel problems which ought not to puzzle the intellect of a child often. Worse than all, he does not real-

ize what he has missed. Oh, what a blunderer was destiny, then, to deny this man the one gift that would have made him irresistible!"

And then the postscript: "I have at last fully decided not to accept the hand of Mr. Hughes. May he find better appreciation elsewhere. With all his elegance and culture he is not the man who can fill the heart of a 'Dora Glade.'"

And these words of Kittie's letter, in reply:

"Look out, my dear, or the Ignoramus may capture the heart that a man of intellect has failed to win. Stranger things have happened. Many a man has been educated by his wife."

Dora's lips curled, and a flash of annoyance crossed her fair, expressive features as she read.

"Hah!" she exclaimed contemptuously, crumpling the letter in her hand and tossing it into her desk.

But why did her fair face set in so infinite tenderness again, and a blush, deeper than a crimson rose, tinge her cheek and brow and snowy throat as she remembered certain thrilling glances from a pair of bright gray eyes? And why did this wordplay of intellect turn to herself with a kind of fierce delight?

"He loves me! I know it! I know it!"

During the summer days that followed, her thoughts often turned to Kittie's letter and the tempting possibilities it suggested. But she quickly put them from her. It was exquisitely sweet, this city girl who was well used to refined and cultivated society could not deny to herself, to note the electric influence of her power in the dark flash rising to a manly cheek, the quick thrill of his powerful frame at her lighter, touch, and the passionate light she sometimes caught in the deepest eyes she had ever seen. And perhaps her own heart responded to every sign. But it could go no further.

Dora's mind was one of those which over unconsciously reach out toward all the richest treasures in the world of art and learning, and she knew that it could never be satisfied with the companionship of one who could not, at least, keep pace with her in all the finest charms of intellectual life. She resolved never to make such a dangerous experiment, even for "love's sweet sake." And we think that she was right.

It was the last evening of her stay. Her pupils had all received their little tokens of remembrance, had said good-by to their pretty, girlish teacher, and were now gone to their several homes, leaving her alone to gather up her few effects and indulge in a parting reverie upon the events of the past three months. Larry Farnsworth alone had been absent that last day; but in her secret heart she thanked him for it, for there had been something in his manner of late, and a strange disturbance in her own feelings also, which made her doubt whether her dignified firmness could have stood the trial of a final parting.

How strongly her heart was beating now, as she thought over the past evening when the splendid-looking Ignoramus had walked beside her down the long lane leading from the school-house, and the low-spoken "good-night" of each, as she turned to cross the narrow field in the direction of her lodgings. She remembered, with a thrill of wondering pleasure, how his awkwardness had almost entirely vanished in the unconscious devotion which he paid her.

No, she reflected, with a deep sigh, as she turned to go, it would never do for them to meet again. She must go back to the city and forget. Forget the lovely youth who had power to stir the very depths of her soul as no other mortal man had ever done! Yet her heart bitterly rebelled against the fate which made such remembrance necessary.

Glancing through the open door, she saw a stranger coming up the path—a tall and handsome man, well-dressed and elegant. There was a something strangely familiar to her in his looks, and yet—it could not be!

Ah, but it could! For the next moment her hands were clasped in those of the tall stranger, and her unbelieving eyes were gazing up into the handsome, sunny face of Larry Farnsworth.

"I came to bid my little teacher good-by," he said, looking down upon her mischievously, a sly smile quivering under the slight dark mustache.

"Larry!"

It was all she could say, for, unable to bear a certain new expression in the glance of those gray eyes, and the rush of memories it brought her, she sank upon the nearest bench and covered her face with her hands. Larry sat down, too, with a warm light of tenderness in his resolute, sunny face, but the first words that Dora faltered forth made him laugh outright.

"Then you are not the Ignoramus after all?" Still with her face hidden from the roguish eyes.

"Well, no, not exactly, since I have had the honor of graduating from old Harvard," replied the Ignoramus, with exasperating coolness. "But, Miss Glade—Dora," drawing her hands away from the blushing face, "please forgive my mighty misapprehension! Hearing much of the pretty school-ma'am from my uncle whom I was visiting, I began to think of a pure love of fun, but soon found it so dangerously fascinating that I could not give it up. It was so pleasant to have you lean over my shoulder to correct those dreadful examples, which you couldn't have done, you know, if I had not been your pupil."

"And you might have been teaching me all this time! For shame, sir!" pointed Dora, thinking with burning cheeks of her patient endeavors to educate this Harvard graduate.

"I dare to hope that I have taught you something, Dora—a lesson that is not found in school books. And now—"

"And you might have been teaching me all this time! For shame, sir!" pointed Dora, thinking with burning cheeks of her patient endeavors to educate this Harvard graduate.

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THE DECLINE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The cause of the decadence of New Orleans is a no different matter to determine—crisis, epidemics—there were fifteen of them in twenty-seven years—the low water (twelve feet) at the mouth of the river, and the prejudice existing against manufactures and mechanical trades as degrading. In the matter of health it is somewhat startling that the early settlers of New Orleans were wont to boast of its salubrity; that before 1790 yellow-fever was unknown, and that until nineteen years, between 1799 and 1788, the population of New Orleans increased 67 per cent. without immigration, whereas to day, as Dr. Jones assures us, it would rapidly decrease, as the deaths largely exceed the births.

It is encouraging to notice that we now fully understand the evils which have reduced New Orleans from the fourth to the tenth position in the list of American cities, and are now endeavoring to correct them. That the depth of water at the mouth of the river has been increased so as to accommodate the largest vessels; that we now appreciate the value of manufactures, are doing all in our power to develop them, and have actually doubled our products in ten years; and that we are devoting all our spare time and money to the improvement of our sanitary condition, with wonderful results, as shown by the decrease of our annual death-rate from 51 per 1,000 before the war to 25 per 1,000 to-day. Mr. Cable's book tells the melancholy story of how New Orleans lost the chance of becoming the greatest city in America—an opportunity once within its grasp; it will help us, we hope, to turn back much of this lost trade, prestige and pre-eminence.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE USE OF THE FINGER BOWL. The use of the finger bowl is also a subject of much importance to the hostess. The hostess who gorges herself at the expense of her guests.

The custom of drinking out of the finger bowl, though not entirely obsolete, has been limited to the extent that good breeding does not now permit the guest to quaff the water from his finger bowl unless he does so prior to using it as a finger bowl.

Thus it will be seen that social customs are slowly but none the less surely cutting down, limiting and circumscribing the rights and privileges of the masses.

At the court of Eugene the customs of the table were very rigid, and the most prominent guest of H. R. II. was liable to get the G. R. if he spread his napkin on his lap and cut his egg in two with a carving knife. The custom was that the napkin should be hung on one knee and the egg busted at the big end and scooped out with a spoon.

A prominent American at her table one day, in an unguarded moment, shattered the shell of a soft-boiled egg with his knife, and while prying it apart both thumbs were erroneously jammed into the true inwardness of the fruit with so much momentum that the joints took him in the eye, thus blinding him and maddening to such a degree that he got up and threw the remnants into the bosom of the hired man plenipotentiary, who stood near the table stretching his car with a tray. As may readily be supposed, there was a painful interim during which it is hard to tell for five or six minutes whether the prominent American or the hired man would come out on top, but at last the American with his eye in his eye got the ear of the high-priced man in a neat back teeth, and the honor of our beloved flag was vindicated.—Lancaster Boomerang.

WHERE BUTTONS COME FROM. The button trade of New York is estimated at from eight to ten million dollars a year. The yearly importation of buttons exceeds three and a half million dollars. At American rate of wages many of the imported buttons could not be put upon the cards for the price they sell for.

Glass buttons are made mostly in Bohemia, and children are largely employed at the work, which they do as quickly and as neatly as adults. The children get ten cents a day, men from forty to fifty cents, and the women a little less. Pearl buttons are imported from Vienna, where they are almost exclusively manufactured; and the all-important shirt buttons are received mostly from Birmingham, England, where the majority of metal buttons are likewise produced. The most extensive of all the button manufacturing, however, is that of the Parisian and Berlin novelties. In one manufacturing village near Paris, where there are from 5,000 to 6,000 inhabitants, all the working people are engaged in making the agate button, which, even with the 30 cent. added to the cost, sell, when imported into this country, at the extremely low figure of 31 cents per great gross. The material alone, it is reported, could not be procured here for double that amount.

While American manufacturers make no attempt, and probably have no desire, to compete with European producers employing hand processes, they excel in making bone, composition, brass, ivory and gold buttons by machinery, and are able to export considerable quantities of these styles. In Providence, R. I., for example, above buttons and jewelry buttons are largely manufactured expressly for exportation.—Scientific American.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. It acts directly upon the blood and the mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford.

If Catarrh has destroyed your sense of smell and hearing, Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure you. 75 cents per bottle. Druggists sell it.

\$100 REWARD. Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price, 75 cents.

TO MAKE FOR THE CONSUMPTION. A sly timber merchant of Orleans got the best of a little while ago. He made a contract with them for the delivery of a large quantity of timber within a given time, and deposited 10,000 roubles as security to carry out his agreement, upon the understanding that the companies would convey the merchandise gratis. Train load upon train load reached the city station, the companies successively declining the timber as not being equal to what was contracted for. Fresh orders were sent out by the merchant to his agents for a better quality, and more train loads brought more timber of an objectionable description which the sly trader invariably disposed of to local merchants. The freight alone represented a fortune tenfold the amount of his cash deposit, and having realized his coolly threw up his contract, allowing the companies to divide his security.

"And now," slants an excited exchange, "where shall we look for independence?" Oh, friend and brother, searching and long-suffering fellow-sufferer, look in the kitchen, look in the kitchen.—Hank-Eye.

MAINE AND SHOW ONE stretch of forest 200 miles long.

No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great Eastern Navigator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford.

NOTICE! The National Bank of Stanford, located at Stanford, in the State of Kentucky, is changing its capital. All note-holders and other creditors of said Association are therefore hereby notified to present the notes and other claims against the Association for payment, before the 1st day of January, 1893.

J. J. McAllister, Cashier.

WE MEAN YOU. Wanted, energetic agents to sell our new patent... LUMBER! Fencing and Building Lumber for sale at Mill 2 miles south of Highland, this county. Orders accepted by Fisher, Lohr, Stelling, Lattin, or either of our agents. Prompt attention given to everything in the line of carpenter's tools for building. Sent M. R. HARRISON, 79-4m.

Excelsior Art Rooms EDWARD H. FOX, Propr. North-East Corner of Main and Third Streets, DANVILLE, - - KENTUCKY

Having recently refitted my rooms with all the modern improvements, I now have the finest gallery in Central Kentucky!

When you visit Danville, don't fail to call and see me. Respectfully, EDWARD H. FOX, Photographer Ky. Universal Survey

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD LINE.

CONDENSED TIME. LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD LINE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.	Mo. 1, 1892.	Mo. 2, 1892.
Lv. Richmond	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Lancaster	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Lexington	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Clarksville	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Nashville	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Louisville	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Cincinnati	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Indianapolis	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Chicago	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. St. Louis	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Kansas City	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Omaha	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. St. Paul	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Minneapolis	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Detroit	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. New York	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Boston	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Philadelphia	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Washington	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Baltimore	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. New Haven	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Hartford	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Springfield	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. Albany	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
Lv. New York	6:00 a.m.	6:00 a.m.
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